

THE
ANSVVER
OF

Mr. Wallers

PAINTER,

To His many new

ADVISERS.



London, Printed by A. Maxwell 1667.

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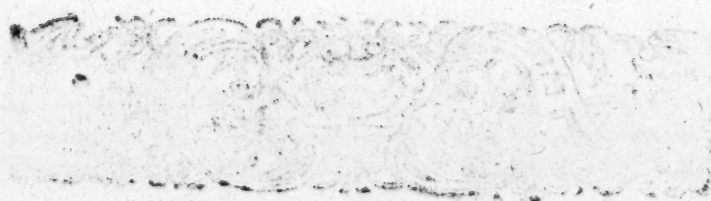
ANSWER

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THE
A N S W E R
 O F
 Mr. *WALLER'S PAINTER*,
 To his many new
A D V I S E R S.

GOOD Sirs be *civil*: Can *one man* (d'ye think)
 As fast *lay Colours*, as you all *spill Ink*?
 At what a *pass* am I! a *thousand hands*
 I need, if I must be at all *Commands*.

Thy *sparkling Fancy* (*Waller*) first design'd
 A *Stately Piece*, true *Picture* of thy *Mind*.
 But (how *Conceits engender*!) on thy *Wit*
 Each *Scribler new Advices* doth beget;
 And so the *Breed's embas'd*, that now 'tis grown
 Like *Royal Blood* when mixed with the *Clown*.

'Twas *racy Wine* ran from thy *Loyal Quill* ;
 But these their *Brandy* from its *dreggs* distill :
 Or, like *false Vintners*, they adulterate
 Thy *Nectar* with a poysonous *Sublimate*.
 Without thy *Muse*, thy *Fancy* they purloyn ;
 And *Bastard Cions* to thy *stock* they joyn.
 Thus in *dead Bodies*, Satan acts a *soul* ;
 And *Virgils* self's travesty'd to a *Droll*.

I shall forswear my *Art*, if I must be
 Thus *School'd* by *Bunglers*, whiles I *paint* for *Thee*.
 Or if I must each *new Adviser* please ;
 Jumble our *World* with the *Antipodes* ;
 And mix the *Firmament* and *Stygian Lake* ;
 A *Chaos*, not a *Picture* I shall make :
 And then, (as he that marr'd a noble *Draught*,
 By *alt'ring* it as each *Spectator* taught)
 I shall forswear the *Piece* too, and write by,
This Monster my Advisers made, not I.

However, *Sirs*, my *Colours* will not do ;
 And therefore I must be *supply'd* by *you*.
 I have no *mixtures* to paint *Treason's* Face
 So fair, for *Loyalty* to make it *pass*.
 None that will *blemish* *Princes* on report ;
 Which *none* dares *own*, to make the *Rabble* sport.
 Besides, *Slander's* a *fading Colour*, though
 It *stick* a *while*, it will not *long* do so :

If I make use of *that*, this I shall have,
When it *decays*, my *work* will prove me *Knave*.

Yea, *Princes* (*Sirs*) are *Gods*, as they'r *above*;
Though as *Men*, in a *Mortal Sphere* they *move*.
As *Gods*, 'tis *Sacrilegious* to present
Them in such *Shapes* as may bespeak *contempt*.
And who allows 'em *Men*, does therewithal
Allow 'em *Possibility* to fall.

Yet *Paint* not their *Infirmities*. Would *you*
In each *foul Posture* be expos'd to *view*?
Baulk not the *Noble Rule*, and let *them* have
The *charity* (at least) that *you* would *crave*.

My *Colours* will not alter *Forms* of *State*
After the *Whimsies* of each *Crowing Pate*.
What *Paint* will draw *Utopia's*? or where'
Shall th' *Groundwork* be for *Castles* in the *Air*?
What *Colours* wears the *Man i'th' Moon*? who can
Limn an *Oceana*, or *Leviathan*?
Rob the *Chameleon*, *Sirs*, or *Polypus*,
For *Colours*, if you mean t' imploy me thus.

Fie! At the *Old Play* still! what have we got,
By *Rota's*, *Ballots*, and I know not what?
VVho *cheats* me *once*, he *fools* me; but 'tis plain,
I *fool* my *self* to deal with *him* again.
Bought Wit is *best*, 'tis said; but who *buys* oft,
Shall never *sell* it at the *rates* he *bought*.

Cast

*Cast up your Books, (Sirs,) and I dare engage,
Creditors, falls short of the Debtor's Page;
Unhinge not Governments, except you could
Supply us better, e're you change the old.*

*You would have all amended, so would I;
Yet not deface each Piece where faults I spy.
'Tis true, I could find Colours to expose
Faulty Grandees, and over-paint a Rose.
But this checks me, that (whatfo'e're is aim'd)
Few such are mended by being proclaim'd.
Publick disgrace oft smaller sinners scares;
But Vice with greatness arm'd, no Colours fears;
Besides, the Rout grows insolent hereby,
And slight the once disgrac'd Authority.
V'hence, to Paint all our Betters Faults, would be,
To hang up Order in Effigie:
Leave such then, to their Masters, and the Laws;
V'who play with Lions, at last feel their paws.*

*But one word more, Sirs; Grant I yield to you,
Am I secure, I have no more to do?
If thus Advices spawn, your three or four
May shortly propagate to half a score;
And those by hundreds multiply'd, may make
A task, Briareus would not undertake.
Besides the Clash; Dash out that line, says one;
Another, Alter this, Let that alone.*

So

So *Babels builders* mar'd their *Tower*, and made
An *heap* unlike the *Project* that they *laid*.

Pray leave *Advising* then, for (never crave it)
No *Art* can *Paint* a *World* as *all would* have it.

Or, if you're set upon't ; to fitt your mind,
I'll tell you where a *Painter* you may find.
Look out some *Canvas-stayner*, whose *cheap skill*
With *Rhythmes* and *Stories Ale-house-walls* doth fill.
Such men will do your *work* best: (sorry *Elves*)
They *paint* all *Kings* and *Princes* like *themselves*.
So with *Jack-wheels* upon their *heads*, they *slander*
Arthur, and *Godfrey*, and great *Alexander*.

Here *David* stands with's *Harp* of *whipcord-strings* ;
And *Solomon's Wives*, who (sure) lov'd no *such things*.
Yea *Ahab*, and *Queen Jezabel*, who ne're
Painted her *self*, as she is *painted there*.

Thus th' *Royal Oak* in *Country Signes* is found,
In a *Park* Copy'd from the *Neighbour-Pound* :
And *Royal Charles* his *head* looks *peeping* through,
Much in the *posture* that's the *Dawbers due*.

Imploy these then, not *me* ; Except you please
To use my *Art* on your own *Visages*.

Those, I know *who* would *thank* me for ; and then
Your *Faces* might be *famous* as your *Pen*.

And (lastly) that done, *three large dashes* by,
(I doubt) would serve to *paint* your *Destiny*.

F I N I S.

Φ F.K.L
Zeitlin (Haggis)
5-17-38
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